the latest chose « change. Oh so many dears
little mercies to distraught – German Embassy today
to get a letter out of Prince Bismarck, since
our Jewishness is said to be a danger – (not
seriously) we have one week in Rome.
back June 1st. then mind George. NYPL
Mary – Piccadilly with its velvet hatchets look
rather nice – Now I must put on Collar & Miss
Bowne. But I must to my mother in law, who
is rabidly funny blind – the Dr – says the only
Chance she has is to remain "perfectly cheerful" –
what are doctors made of? Hugh Walpole
wrote to me today from Greece; so did Vita.
But Vita never says a word that would not be
heard by all Oxford Circles – at least to me.
the I will write again – She is only an apology
for L's outburst. But you will understand
my difficulty – I mean my fault – I mean how
I cant risk his unhappy wrinkles. Cant spell or
write. V.

Rota 2. V. 63

Rotterdam
Holland 8th May 1938

I doubt that any remarks of mine about B & P have any value, as I'm far half asleep in the evening - & read it in a great Gulfs of Somnolence - To me it only an impression: that is, I don't care as much for the Beecham as for some of your characters, the major key, I think, that you hold your hand from throw incisions that cut deep, because the fish is alive that you're playing. Then I feel for skirmish round a too talk in the air. I don't retire down & look up your sleeves - but that the inevitable drawback with a living subject. And it very lively & upsetting - what I miss is the innards. But I've only read it once, & in fulfs as I say. The Pharaoh

NYPL Rota 2. c. 63

seemed to me to strike more boldly a
discordly - I enjoyed the desert & the
little matches of travellers figures seen
against the hotel lounge shadily. There you
seem to weary out me & come down hard.
The B- as I say had for me rather the air of
shaking a staunching whom, with my passion
for fact. I wanted a then Sir T- enclosed
his boots I went to bed with her."
I found the same slipperiness overcame me
when I wrote about Dickens - But I'll read
again & no doubt revise.

Oh we're having such a time - sliding
from one town to another - leisure to young
Shakespeare's England till bored in, write
Canal & whole bank of red tulips, yellow
Cabaret. Showering down - but very
crowded, too many people, too little country,
now - again a long low shore with a
windmill. Here we are on the verge of
Germany - we cross the frontier tomorrow

V.

Rome
14th May 1935

But—it impossible to write letter, travelling: Can't
collect any force—all is Unbuttered—a Thing
playing pianos a bells are ringing & I is
making out words on a map. This is the
only town I love—or you love Sleeps & Mary.
Petrolini? My word, it seems a lodging
house virtue here. Thats that, & the Garden,
all a blowing, & the sun on the domes—& the
Forum, & then go & do pubbing in your back garden
for Geranium pots. However, I admit I
like hearing about our King & Queens driving
down Piccadilly—how one would blow off the
End of the Rope like a bubble. Its so
irresponsible—sitting in Capes, watching
Lonely, but Lord how soulless, women, with white
Cheeks & a dab of rouge: & then a bare-eyed
beggar praying; that when my hires
take me to the Church. But you will

Rota 2.4.63

he fired off three unlinked melodies. Last night at the Café
Royal he was reading a library book. Conductor stop. And I
said, that's a bad habit, reading at meals. And then
he showed me the picture of the 6 men together with
their daughters, & we read the page together, where you say
you're afraid of having more children. "This is so
Cathy I can't stop" he said – that's the way you
corrupt youth. Of course, I was bitterly NYPL
disappointed that you look American & God.
Isn't that odd? I wanted to think of you romantically
insurgent, uprising; it's when that one likes to make
what is called a vicarious Lavalia: but I see that
common sense says no. I only record my
disappointment as a toy psychological phenomenon.
Nena has got B. P. & wet feet, in a day or two, a
far sounder judgment than mine: I receive mail
for London – Reading is a kind of rhapsody here – I
snatch a page to match with the mood – I can't
collect all my bits & knives & probes. I'm reading
Stendhal & a prosaic woman called Hutchison.
are going to drive up into the country buying pottery &
then home I suppose. But heavens! the relief of being
Quiet of silence! Nena has a completely detached but
intensely satisfactory hand to mouth life with two
daughters, old woman to wash up, dipping into an occasional
salon, lunching off cold ham – which I must now do & eat.
Oh & I had a bitter Birthday honour offered me! V.

I wrote this last night, Sunday, but forgot to post. Here you are.
No I can't manage – I wish I could – tea today; & our Sanctuary
(which I mean, has been smashed in Spring cleaning. So what
have – neither E.S. in Spirit nor in Flesh – But soon I hope.

June 3rd 1935

I'm sorry I've been so uncommunicative but I can
only write letters when my mind is full of
bubble & foam; when I'm not aware of the
miracle of the English language. You don't
know the bother this, using for one purpose
what I'm perpetually using for another. Could
you sit down & improvise a dance at the
piano after tea to please your friends? And
now, home here. I shall drink no more
wine – now we've landed. & Heaven with bells,
bells, manuscripts. dark men from the East who
want me Leonard — here. I can't want this
number of flies settled on this dead horse.
And talking of death. The last thing that happened
as we drew up at Monks House was meeting
poor old Pinka's dead body. She had a litter
died the day before we came. & there was
Percy burying her in her harbret & we
were both very unhappy. This you'll call sentimental –
perhaps – but then a dog somehow represents – no I can't
think of the word – the private side of life – the play side.

Rota 2.4.63

Did I tell you in my drunken bout that I was offered a red ribbon, & to be one of the 12 of 20 ladies & Gentlemen called Chamberlains Companions of Honour, to walk into the room behind you, the Queen? I said No thanks: I don't believe in Honours, though Ethel thought, I said, don- wear it just! — Would you like to see me wearing a red ribbon, walking behind you! Oh what NYPL d-d nonsense talk it! I see yours point about MB & the Ego: but can't you see mine about wishing to have a friend who was a perfect Stark nek of inconceivable severity? Can't you see how I shuddered when that dream was dashed! Have you no romance in you- Yes. I think too Coheir very good; so does I: it means 2 or 3000 in the long run. Oh we love the loveliest place in the world, during home by the coast— between Rome & Cerba Vecchia: pine, sand, sea & low hills, ah wherewith to tether in perfect Solitude. To farewell V.

52 TS.

June 6. 1935
Thursday

Another large blue sheet, as you like them: but feel
knows why) then Sunbeam. Egbert has in
working for L: who has a man called Pannikar
with him - an Indian, a Knight, a very important man.
Our house is a mere meeting place for the winds & heaven:
Last night they blew the most detestable Polish Count, who
said - but no: that man, whining & cringing, made me so
physically sick (he's the one who was in prison for writing
about Venice & Peru, & L. paid £20 & so on) wch. I'm
so sick with the vanity & the human race, & their
pertinacity, that when Rebellen West asks me to lunch - how
can) with novels, with these Lecturaries needing - instant replies?
I say violently No. (I'm waiting to go out with L.)
what I meant to say was

1) Dont bring the roses - no the pinks
though the faraway smell of the rain that far away
summer brings tears to my eyes. (D'ju remember how ye'd
packed them in ferns! - because we go after dinner
though the summer rain to Rodmell tonight for
Whitsun: back next Monday late at night after
the Magic Flute:

2) ~~Not~~ The man who was talking to L.

When you rang up yesterday was Ralph Brewster: & he
stayed on & on. Thoroughly photographic. I was so hungry.
Then I said, at lunch, my cron, perhaps he,
Is Bx Standon? L- said Not likely. But he was.
Has a factotum, an Ulcerous Author. I gather from your
letter it's another case of Venus & Penis — the factotum.
3) A very good review of Bx P. in Man = Guardian - NYPL ?
Wat Nena had finished the book- You must lend me a
Copy. I want to read at leasure. Her leisure, write books,
is so prodigious: it reminds me always of the Jerbatron —
Copulation of elephants. "No, I cant say I've read more
than one sentence... but when I read, I read" And that true.
Will take her 3 months- To lend me another.
4) How can I cure my violent moods? I wish you'd tell me.
Oh such despair, I wooden'te wanted long drought when the
heart grew oak in which a toad its imprisoned has now sap
& green than my heart: & then d'you know walking - last
night, in a rage. Hugh Regents Park alone. I became so
flooded with ecstasy: part no doubt caused by the blue, red
wounds of flowers burning a wet radiance through the green fog
haze: &) arms you) made up pages & stories I
walk. And then I had a Count. But the truth is)
am in the Cavendish rooms (excuse this language) became
Roger is dead (I never minded any death as much: I
gets like coming into a room, expecting all the violins
trumpets, hearing a drum separate) And Nena is
staying abroad till October: & Vita,) predict, is
dead & buried for 3 years to come.) foresee
moods - insatiable moods - here is L: &
Pamukkar has gone -

W.

Rota 2.4.63